

Good Morning 733

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Who wants the prize? asks T. S. Douglas

MOST people know that prizes await anyone who finds a torpedo—£5 if it is within two miles of the shore, £30 if it is farther out. There are also various prizes still awaiting the performers of various feats. Many of these prizes were first offered so long ago that their existence has been almost forgotten.

The pioneer stages of heavier-than-air flying were helped considerably by the offer of large sums for various feats. Some of the more recently offered prizes were never awarded.

The £400 offered twelve years ago by the Frankfurt Polytechnic Society for a flight of 1,000 yards made by a human being with flapping wings like a bird still remains to be won—if the Frankfurt Society is still in a position to pay it!

Indeed, the successful claimant should get £800, for when the prize remained unclaimed for two years, the donors decided to double it.

About fifty-five years ago a French lady, anxious to help science, offered a prize of £5,000 for the first person to establish communication with the planets. Several claims have been made, but none have been admitted.

Perhaps because she considered it might actually be established within a short time, Madame Guzman excepted Mars from the "planets."

In fact, this is the only planet which astronomers will seriously consider as being inhabited, so that it looks as if this prize may remain unclaimed for a long time. Meanwhile, the prize money is

doing good work. Instead of ordering that the money should be swollen by accumulated interest, Madame Guzman directed that at the end of every five years during which the prize was not awarded, the interest should be given to someone who had performed a notable piece of scientific research.

Several prizes have been offered for solving mathematical problems and, at any rate, theoretically, remain unclaimed. The most remarkable is one of over £70,000. This was the entire fortune of a Bulgarian manufacturer left to anyone who could perform the feat of squaring the circle.

At various times courts in other countries had decided that this feat was impossible. But the court in which the Bulgarian's will was contested was more cautious and ordered that competitors should at least be given a chance for fifty years.

A large prize offered by the Royal Gottingen Society for proving the mathematical "Theory of Fermat" has never been awarded. Fermat put forward a number of theorems about the properties of numbers.

They cannot be disproved—no one has ever been able to prove them either.

No doubt an earnest delver into the past would find many other unclaimed prizes, although in most cases, as with the Air Ministry's offer of £25,000 for a practical helicopter, there is a time limit on claims.

The £25,000 was never awarded, nor was a similar sum offered for a particular type of commercial aeroplane in 1935.

Here's a Job Worth Doing

Explained by a Veterinary Surgeon

WE need more animal doctors, and here is your chance.

The correct professional term is "animal practitioner," and my practice is in a country district.

It is nothing, for me to have to attend over 3,000 head of cattle, 250 horses, 80 donkeys, and several hundred sheep in the course of each twelve months. The dog and cat business varies.

Nobody knows how many cats there are in Britain, but from my experience I should say a good average is one for every three households.

The dogs I have to attend are not just household pets, but farm dogs, hounds and other types.

A young doctor to human beings can be assured of £750—£1,000 a year after his third year, especially if he has been lucky enough to buy a share in a good practice. But my average earnings are less than £700. There is only one vet. in the country to-day who can honestly boast that he earns over £2,000 a year.

If you take an average of the Wimpole-street salaries, even at this stage of the war, you would find that it reaches about £7,000, because some surgeons and specialists earn fantastic fees. These earnings are not now available to the vet., even though he may have to deal with Derby winners, precious racing greyhounds and other beasts whose earning powers are colossal!

Often the dogs earn far more than the vet!

You may say it takes three years to turn a young medical student into a doctor; it certainly takes five years to turn a vet. student into a qualified veterinary surgeon—and even if he has not the animal version of a "bedside manner" he won't make a success of his job.

You must be born with the love of animals and the gift for dealing with sick beasts, who seem to possess an uncanny knowledge of the vet. who treats them.

"Doctor to a dog" is rather an unkind way of describing a vet's job, because, indeed, it was only just under twenty years ago that the Royal Veterinary College established a chair for canine surgery. Before then, dogs were supposed to look after themselves.

One reason that the chair



Students of the Royal Veterinary College watch Sally, a shire mare, having a tube inserted in her windpipe.

was started was that farmers were beginning to look after their own calving and lambing, and vets. in country areas found their earnings dropping off.

A vet. called in at the last stage of a crisis, when perhaps something had gone wrong with a calving, hardly stood a chance of making a good job, so the farmer, whose bungling had been the cause of all the trouble, blamed the vet.!

To save themselves a few pounds at lambing time, or because they believed the old tale that "sheep always look after themselves," farmers tried to be their own vets. And as vets. must live, they began to specialise more in canine surgery.

Now the position is reversed, and it has even seriously been suggested that a new profession might spring up—the profession of the animal practitioner who confines himself to cats, dogs, and other urban animals.

A real trouble among vets. is that they have almost no animal hospitals in which they can "walk the wards" as a doctor does during training.

There is an animal hospital in Camden Town, but this, naturally, does not have sheep and horses among its patients. A vet. has to learn his job at a training school, and often some of the biggest and most difficult cases he meets are entirely new to him. He has not had any opportunity of seeing such things before, as a medical student would in hospital.

It takes five years to become a vet., so if you want to take up the job after the war you should seriously consider taking some training now, by post if no other course is available.

There are four schools—in London, Edinburgh, Liverpool and Glasgow. In Liverpool there is a tie-up between the university and the vet. school. In the other three centres the vet. schools are nowhere near approaching the level of medical schools of universities.

That we need more vets. in Britain is undoubted. I am worked off my feet, and if the profession were better organised the earnings would be more in proportion.

We work in well with the R.S.P.C.A. inspectors, the police, farmers, and the organisers of various canine societies. It is an open-air, care-free life, and personally I wouldn't change it.

Add up all the agricultural and domestic animals in Britain, and you will find that to every million of them there are only 94 vets.

In Denmark, where they really did take care of their farm stock before the war, there are 140 to the million.

Even pre-war Germany had

149 to the million, and 247 to the million in Switzerland.

We lose money in Britain because there are not enough vets. to go round.

The official Ministry of Agriculture figures show that the loss every twelve months in farm livestock in England and Wales is £30,000,000—of which about £12 millions is in dairy stock.

Nearly 40 per cent. of the cows were infected with bovine "T.B.," and experts say that the national annual loss from four major diseases of cattle is £20,000,000!

We had 2,312 vets. in Britain when the war began. Now it is proposed to train more at the rate of 220 a year. This is still not enough.

If you are a youngster with a real love of animals, and sufficient native wit to take in five years of technical medical training, then you could do a lot worse for yourself than plan to become an "animal practitioner."

You'll be your own boss, and if you specialise and are fortunate enough to gather a good reputation in some specialised branch, such as canine surgery, then you might start to earn a Wimpole-street-style salary.

TURN-UP

SAILORS have replied by poll to the sponsors of the Bill in Congress to abolish bell-bottom trousers. They say the only trousers they would rather wear belong to civvy suits.

Apology

BECAUSE people who swore at him had since apologised for their conduct, Harold Kingham, a dustman, of Luton, has decided to continue with his work.

Kingham had asked to be released from his job because he was "sick" of people swearing at him.

I have tried to convey to you blokes, who have had a couple of years in the east, and several in uniform, that in civvy street you will find nothing to scare you.

The folk at home are just as you left them. When you get your old job back—or a new job maybe—you will enjoy more than ever your shooting in Scotland or your excursion down the line to Southend. The big job that will be common to all of you is to go on fighting for the peace. You will have to do that or you will be back in blue and we'll have to start all over again.

Next week I will go back to industry. Any particular line in which you are interested?

When You're Bowler-hatted

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

HOW long have you been in? "Longer than that," you might say.

Well, it makes no difference really. When you get your bowler hat you will be just an ex-Serviceman.

Sure, you will get your gratuity and your back pay. You will be given every kind of assistance the Government knows how to give. You are assured of an even break when you hand in your blue. But, you will be just an ex-Serviceman.

That's how you will feel, anyway. And time alone will cure the lonely feeling that will dominate your every spare moment.

It's not at all a bad feeling, but it's important that you should be able to cope with it. You're probably chocker now. After all, Service life is not everybody's cup of tea.

But when you get home you

will find yourself watching your clock for sippers time. When you walk into the local boozer you'll wonder why the papsies appear to ignore you. When you run after a bus you will miss the conductor's "Come on, Jack." Yes, you will miss all these things, and more.

But there is plenty to compensate you.

It took me quite a time to find my feet after a couple of years in uniform. I did as most chaps do. I had a good time and then found a job. I found a good job. My boss was an understanding kind of guy; he'd been in the Services, too, and he knew what it was like coming out.

But in spite of his friendliness I turned it in. I just couldn't settle in one place. I went from job to job, then well, you know how I've spent the last three years.

The wander bugs that had got into my blood died but slowly. But they did die. I have settled down now—even found myself a wife.

Now, such things as spending a free week-end in a garden are all I look forward to. Before, and during my spell in uniform, I regarded such things as being suburban. Now I know better.

And it just goes to show that carefree and thoughtless as one can get when having just a few hours off duty each day, one can get back to the old social class in time.

Perhaps you will think I have wasted my space this week. Maybe you consider that I should have gone into the peculiar technicalities of one particular job.

Well, chums, I have done that, even if it has sounded rather like the bleating of a lay preacher.



Back in civvy street is ex-submariner Maurice Stevens, now head waiter at the King Alfred Club for R.N.V.R. officers. Here he is serving drinks to Assistant Secretary June Hedges and two members.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Giving the Once-over to Anne Boleyn

ANNE BOLEYN was born in 1507, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, so you can't say she was a mere nobody.

The family name was originally spelled Bullen till Sir Thos. made his pile, gate-crashed into Court circles, and juggled with the spelling.

Sir Thos. juggled with other things in his time, I can tell you.

In 1519 he took young Anne to France (talk about taking coals to Newcastle!), where she made whoopee at the court of Queen Claude.

I suppose Sir Thos. made whoopee, too. He was a mug if he didn't.

Court life went to Anne's head like cherry brandy, and on returning to England, after saying to Queen Claude "Ta-ta, and thanks for having me," there was no holding her down.

Soon she had loads of boy-friends, including Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, and Henry Percy, heir to the Earl of Northumberland, a comely lad with heaps of the "ready."

In my opinion, an oculist should have worked on these two lads, for, in a description

of Anne at this time, I read she was of middle stature or dumpy, had a swarthy complexion, a wide mouth and a long neck! Not exactly one of the Hippodrome chorus by a long chalk, eh?

About 1525 she met Henry the Eighth, and, believe me, there was a lot of Henry to meet.

When Henry appeared on the horizon one had the impression a new mountain was taking shape.

Henry fell for Anne in a big way. He did get it bad! He wrote her sloppy letters, sonnets and odes, went off his grub and couldn't sleep at nights. He also played to her on his lute.

This alone should have qualified Anne for the gravy. One could get very tired of Henry and his lute. Taking into consideration the wide mouth and the long neck, one begins to wonder what it was exactly Anne really had.

Although flattered by Henry's attentions, she had no desire to be his make-shift. No, sir! Wedding bells and a Crown was what she was after.

She'd seen how Queen

Claude stood with the world, and it had given her ideas.

Henry was slightly handicapped at this time, being married to his late brother's widow, Catherine of Aragon, a nice little body, by whom he had one child, the Princess Mary. I regret to say Henry didn't play ball with Catherine at all.

Did this worry Anne? Not it! She vamped Henry till his senses reeled, and in 1533 his marriage with Catherine was annulled. Talk about Anne having Henry on a bit of string!

Her old man, Sir Thos., also came in the running. Henry all but smothered the old lad with grants and favours.

What Henry, like the others, saw in Anne beats me. Apart from the wide mouth and long neck, I read that Anne was also spiteful, jealous, weak, giddy, insolent, and had no stability of character.

Strikes me Henry was either moving around in a coma or was dead from the neck up!

Well, Henry and Anne were married in 1533, and life from then on for Henry was hell on earth. Her insolence and arrogance fairly got Henry's goat. Did that girl put on the heavy? Did she put Henry through the hoop?

He stuck it like a man at first; I'll even go so far as to say if ever there was a glutton for punishment that man was Henry. But he'd had a basinful, and even a King will turn.

Henry's affections began to wilt and wither and his roving eye sought fresh hearts to conquer.

He badly wanted a son and heir, and now, to cap it all, Anne messed up things once and for all by presenting him with another daughter, Elizabeth, later Good Queen Bess, of the red mop and the violent temper.

Why on earth Henry wanted a son by Anne with her qualifications, only he knew; must have been haywire.

Some men can't see the dog for the rabbit, blowed if they can!

You can well imagine that, after this, all was far from okeydoke in the love-nest. The sloppy letters fell off, and that went for the odes and sonnets

fringes the chin, a huge body sits squarely on parted legs, while a fat, clammy hand grips a wicked-looking dagger!

"All comers taken on, nuthin' barred!" should be the title.

Henry could never play second fiddle to anyone; in fact, he was never satisfied unless he was the whole ruddy orchestra! Grab a front seat and it was curtains for you!

He had a nasty habit of ordering the public executioner to sharpen his axe, and kept a posse of torturers and tormentors on the premises. One made one's last will and testament, as well as the other necessary arrangements, when Henry began to cast his favours elsewhere.

Now thoroughly cheesed - off with Anne's tantrums, and wanting a change, he charged her with adultery.

She was at once arrested and lodged in the Tower. Once inside this joint your number was up!

Her former lover, the Earl of Northumberland, left Henry's court, seized with a sudden illness. Henry certainly had all the names written down!

Anne stood her trial (cooked from the start) on May 15th, 1536. Her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, presided—seems even her own family had it in for her, too. She was found guilty, naturally, and the Duke, draping the floor, enquired whether it pleased Henry to have her burned or beheaded. Whether it pleased him, mind you!

Anne's old man, Sir Thos., knowing what was good for him, I suppose, took Henry's side, too, the old so-and-so.

Anne by now was certainly a one-lot. Henry decided on beheading her by sword, so an executioner from Calais was imported to do the dirty work. (What the Union of English Executioners thought about this guy muscling in on their territory I have no record.)

On the 19th of May (notice what a hustler Henry was) Anne appeared in public for the last time on Tower Green.

I'll say this about her, she certainly had guts; standing beside the scaffold, she laughed and joked with all and sundry, including the executioner.

He, I suppose joked back, but said fun and games was all very well in a way, but there was a time and place for everything, and he had a job to do.

A few seconds later Anne lay in two parts, while elsewhere Henry was busy marrying Jane Seymour, thinking maybe the third time would be lucky.

In all fairness to Anne, I must say her guilt still remains unproved. As for Henry, we all know what an old basket he was, don't we?

By Jack Greenall

too, while the lute, or what was left of it, was swept up and placed in the dustbin. I'll bet some of the courtiers, watching the bits being swept up, had a gala day on the quiet!

Anne, seeing the red light, should have done her best to smooth things over, but no, the little ninny, she picked row after row with Henry, and got out the rolling-pin: hardly wise, you'll admit.

As I said before, Henry was built on Commando lines. Anne might as well have picked a row with a tank.

Finding an excuse, he now accused Anne of playing around a bit on the side, and ordered the arrest of several of her so-called lovers, and you, and you, and you! and executed the lot—a put-up job if ever there was one.

I mean, would anyone with all his chairs at home fool around with Henry's goods and chattels? If by any chance you've ever seen what Henry looked like you'll get what I'm driving at.

I've got a portrait of Henry here. One look gives me the screaming meemies. A huge, bloated face stares down with ice-cold eyes, a tassy beard

Wangling Words No. 672

1. Behead begrudge and get a colour.
2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of: uanhaeveralonatea.
3. What person in the New Testament can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He ate all the apples and left about a — of — in the dish.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 671

1. W-ire.
2. Take two return tickets to Tenby.
3. NEHEMIAH. EZEKIEL.
4. Coats, coast.

QUIZ for today

1. What name is given to a group of colts?
2. Which is the oldest cathedral in England?
3. What is the highest mountain in England?
4. What does "hall" mean in place-names like Vauxhall?
5. How many points are

Answers to Quiz in No. 732

1. A harras of horses.
2. Winchester.
3. Windermere.
4. Jean Borotra.
5. David Low, the cartoonist.
6. Strand is the name of a particular street (or else means the seashore); others are general names for passage-ways.

TRUE OR FALSE?

CAN CATS SEE IN THE DARK?

MOST people subscribe to the idea that cats can see better in the dark.

It is not true. If it is really dark, cats cannot see at all, any more than human beings can.

But it is true that in semi-darkness they can see better than human beings, because their eyes are better adapted to make use of trifling amounts of light. But, as we have discovered during the war, human beings, unless they are "night-blind," are capable with special diet and training of a remarkable degree of sensitivity in the semi-darkness.

Night-blindness is comparatively rare. There is one type which is hereditary, and in the South of France scientists tested one group for ten generations, watching the weakness transmitted from one generation to another.

A much commoner cause of night-blindness is disease.

Nocturnal animals have various devices for making the maximum use of a minimum of light. Their eyes are "specialised" for poor illumination, whereas ours are specialised for good illumination.

This does not mean owls cannot see by day or human beings by night. It is rarely so dark that there is absolutely no light.

The part of the human eye used for poor illumination is different from that used for good illumination. Hence the advice of Arago, the famous French astronomer, that if you want to see a very faint star, do not look at it!

Most people know the trick of looking just near the star when it appears to swim into vision, disappearing immediately you look directly at it.

The explanation is that, looking just beside it brings into use the part of the retina adapted for poor illumination. In nocturnal animals, this part of the retina is the "normal." Owls have only rods in their retina and no "cones."

Nocturnal animals have large eyes which reflect a good deal of light. Hence the notion that the eyes "glow" in the dark.

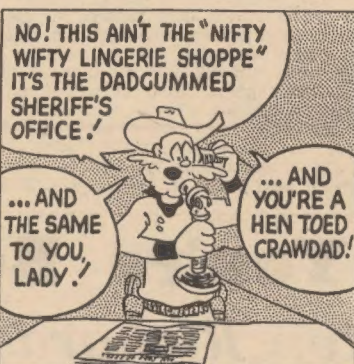
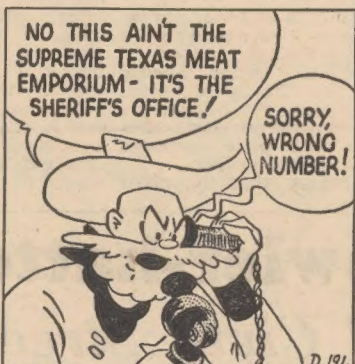
They do not, of course, glow of their own volition, but catch and reflect the light that falls upon them.

Thorough

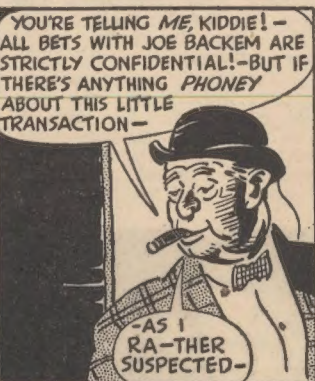
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND likes to know exactly what she is about when she has to do something unusual in her films.

In "The Well-Groomed Bride," in which she is starring shortly, she has to launch an aircraft carrier. In order that she could learn at first hand just what she is expected to do, she attended a special showing of Paramount newsreels of the launching of a 45,000-ton carrier.

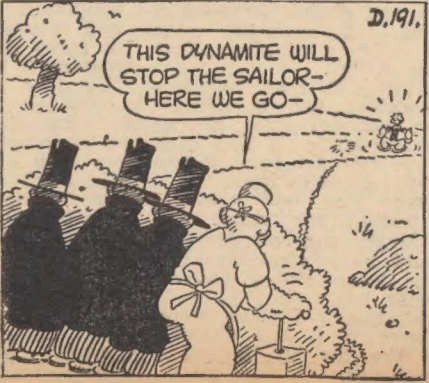
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



FIGURES ARE A MYSTERY!

Exclaims T. S. Douglas

"GIVE me a fixed point," said Archimedes, one of the first mathematician-mechanics, "and I will undertake to move the earth."

He was trying to demonstrate to his students the power of the lever.

They accepted his point, that, given a lever long enough, a man could move anything.

Not until many centuries later did some curious mathematician work out just how long the lever Archimedes would have needed would have to be!

To be exact, Archimedes, applying a force of 30lbs. for eight hours a day—a normal working day—would have been 350 billion years demonstrating the truth of his proposition that he could move the earth!

Full of curious "mysteries" is mathematics. One of the most useful is the square root of minus 1. Anyone who has done elementary algebra knows that the square root of every number must have a plus sign—written or implied—in front of it, and that therefore there cannot be a number which, multiplied by itself or squared, will yield - 1.

In other words, - 1 does not exist, or rather it can never be seen, hardly imagined, and apparently impossible. But the fact remains that it is used every day by mathematicians and engineers, and vastly simplifies a great many calculations.

They discovered the possibilities of using the square root of - 1 in the sixteenth century. But since it was apparent to them that logically it could not exist, they were most reluctant to shorten their

labours with its aid.

Yet the answer always turned out right, and so they continued, sometimes with vague twinges of conscience, to use it.

To-day the whole position is much more clearly stated, and mathematicians use the symbol i (i squared being - 1) as an "operator" as distinct from a number, to their benefit; and, incidentally to yours, since it is for you that the engineer designs dynamos, motors, and so on.

One of the most hoary mathematical "mysteries" is the problem of squaring the circle. Roughly, this consists of working out the relationship between the radius and circumference of a circle. Every schoolboy knows that this relationship is expressed by the Greek letter pi, and in calculations he takes the value of pi to be 22 over 7, or, if he needs

to be more exact, to four places of decimals. But this four places of decimals is still an approximation.

For centuries mathematicians remained convinced there must be an "exact" relationship between circumference and radius, and one enthusiast even worked it out to 900 places of decimals—but it still did not "come out."

Now the so-called "mystery" is known to be no mystery—there is no exact relationship, and if you worked it to a billion places of decimals, it still would not come out to an exact figure.

Some different kinds of mathematical mysteries are connected with the "odds" against certain happenings.

For instance, it is possible to work out the odds against four people, playing whist or bridge, each being dealt a "perfect" hand containing the

thirteen cards of a suit. Calculations differ slightly, but we might take the odds at at least 2,235,197,406,895,366,368-301,559,999.

Not the kind of thing you would expect to happen every day—or even every year, in spite of the many hands of bridge played.

In fact, a simple calculation will show that this perfect hand should not be dealt once in a lifetime, whereas a search of Press-cuttings of reported instances shows several cases within a decade. Are the mathematicians wrong? "Mathematical odds" are not the same thing as practical odds, but the margin here seems too big to be explained away.

Odds are curious things. A few years ago there was argument about the odds against more than 90 million miles down together all heads or all

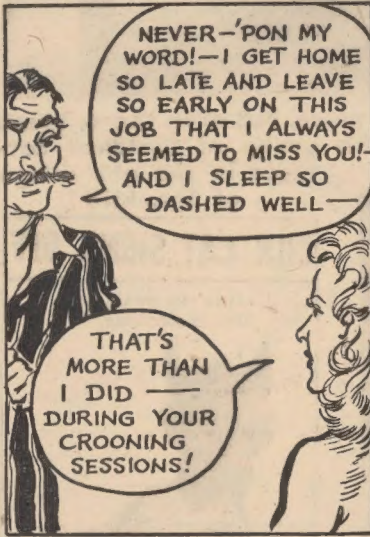
tails. Some argued that two coins must in any event be the same, so that it was simply a question of odds of 2 to 1 against the third being the same.

But the mathematical answer is 3 to 1. Curiously, the odds against all three coins being heads is 7 to 1, and the odds are the same against all three being tails.

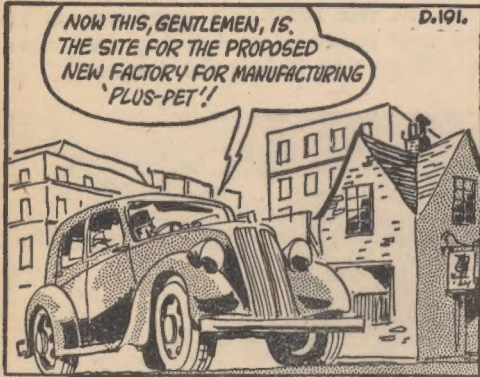
Some of the best curiosities centre round the amazing growth of geometrical series, such as 2, 4, 8, 16, 32 . . . etc. The best demonstration is to fold a newspaper across, and then across again, and so on.

As a matter of fact, the practical possibilities of "and so on" are very limited, for, assuming the paper is only 1-250th of an inch thick, the 10th doubling makes your paper 2 1/2 inches thick, the 20th about 208 feet thick, and the 50th would see it so thick that it would be touching the sun more than 90 million miles away. If you don't believe it—work it out!

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Susan Peters

Husband Richard Quine is a recruiting officer for the United States Coast Guard. Greer Garson and Barbara Stanwyck are her favourite actresses. Her mother wanted her to follow a career as a secretary. She can't type, and can seldom be induced to write a letter, is an expert at tying her husband's ties. Isn't superstitious. . . . Won't cut her hair. . . . And spends hours pinning it into short, bobbed effect. . . . Likes nothing better than to wear shorts.

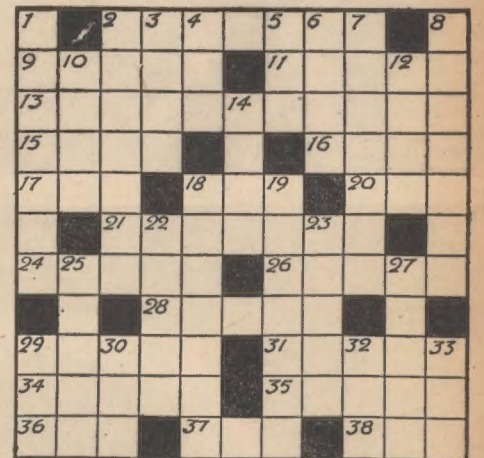
Is an active sports fan. . . . Can't stand sitting on the sideline for any type of game. . . . Is determined to rear a large family. . . . Doesn't want to retire from the screen. . . . Has an enviable collection of early American antiques. . . . Is planning to build a French Provincial house after the war.

Has a flash-pan temper. . . . Never can remember what touched it off. . . . Is completely independent. . . . Feels hurt when others refuse her help. . . . Thinks Christmas is the most wonderful time of the year. . . . Moved it ahead two months so her brother, Bob Carnahan, heading for overseas, wouldn't miss the fun.

"Hullo, Tom, where did you get all those scratches on your face?"
"Car turned turtle," replied Tom, gruffly.
"Loose tyre?"
"No; tight driver."

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CALM BAHIA
ODOUR REMIT
DOWSE MAPLE
SPELLS ROSA
TRIOLETS K
B NAUGHTY
ASS OR S AI
REITERATORS
BESIDE OWNS
SPAR DINE U
SLOG FENCE



CLUES ACROSS.—2 Transitory. 9 Poetic region. 11 Per-mission. 13 Gives in. 15 Always. 16 The present. 17 Snare. 18 Kick. 20 Girl's name. 21 Not so fast. 24 Lance. 26 Liking. 28 Windmill blades. 29 Man. 31 Slacken. 34 Solitary. 35 Run off. 36 Fruit. 37 Heavy. 38 Drink.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Empha-sises. 2 Thin tube. 3 Eastern title. 4 Collection. 5 Badly. 6 Deft. 7 Assembles. 8 Com-munication. 10 Wash. 12 Lode. 14 On. 19 Denunciations. 20 Penetrated. 22 Harbour. 23 Picture support. 25 French soldier. 27 Piffle. 29 Prohibit. 30 Utensil. 32 Wipe. 33 Sheep.



ENGLAND'S GARDEN ISLE. The whole of the Isle of Wight is a lovely place, but even there, some spots are lovelier than others. What could be more perfect than this group of thatched cottages in the old village of Shanklin?

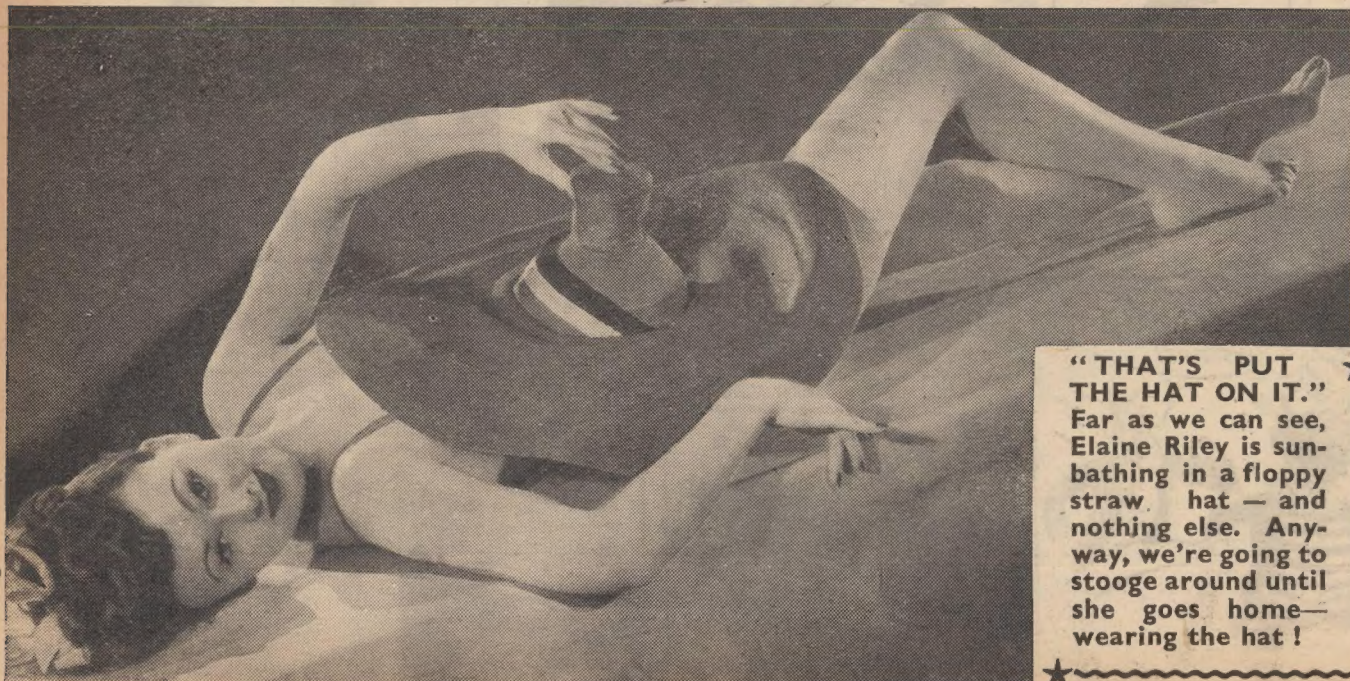


OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Scuse my back, but this is exciting."



Columbia's Marguerite Chapman plays next in "One Against Seven." Only thing about this we can't understand, is why only "seven." Where were the other seven hundred? And why AGAINST? Is it another sign of "non-fratting"?



"THAT'S PUT THE HAT ON IT."

Far as we can see, Elaine Riley is sunbathing in a floppy straw hat — and nothing else. Anyway, we're going to stooge around until she goes home — wearing the hat!



ONE WAY OF BEATING THE LIFT STRIKE. The young thing just diving from her bedroom balcony can't bear staircases — she thinks they're dangerous. So, as the lift-boy's gone on strike, she's adopted this method of leaving her hotel for the office. See below for sequel!



Her two boy-friends co-operate by arranging to be passing at the right moment to catch her. Seems a whiz of an idea — as long as the boy-friends are not late one morning!